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### 6 TEASPOONS

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-496, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

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**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-496, Jefferson, Iowa**



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Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....

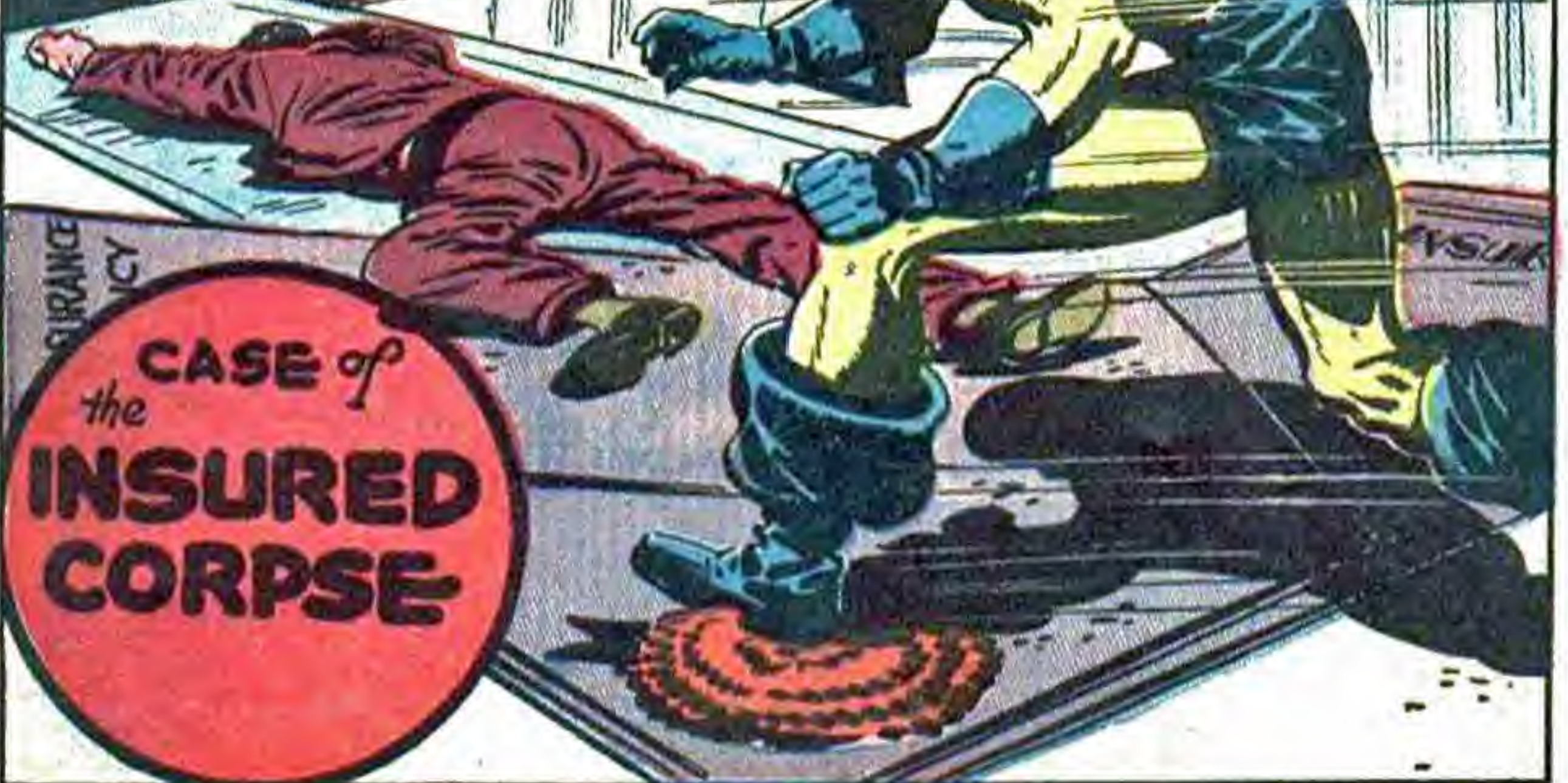
You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1296, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa**



# Phy Black Hood

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



CASE of  
the  
**INSURED  
CORPSE**





OH, COME ON, MCGINTY--  
GIVE ME A BREAK--  
HOW ABOUT A  
STORY?

DAGNABBIT! DON'T YOU RE-  
PORTERS EVER TAKE 'NO' FOR  
ANSWER? THERE AIN'T  
NO STORY!



SAY, I HAVE AN IDEA HOW  
TO GET A STORY FOR  
BABS! IF YOU WERE  
TO COMMIT  
SUICIDE--?

NONE O' YER WISECRACKS,  
BURLAND! IT SO HAPPENS  
THAT I JUST THOUGHT  
OF A STORY!



NOW, BABS--GO DOWN TO 603  
ELM STREET--THE LADY THERE  
SAYS HER HUSBAND IS  
MISSIN'!

GEE! THANKS--  
SARGE! YOU'RE A  
PEACH!



SO LONG, BOYS! MY INTUITION TELLS  
ME THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE  
A HOT SCOOP!



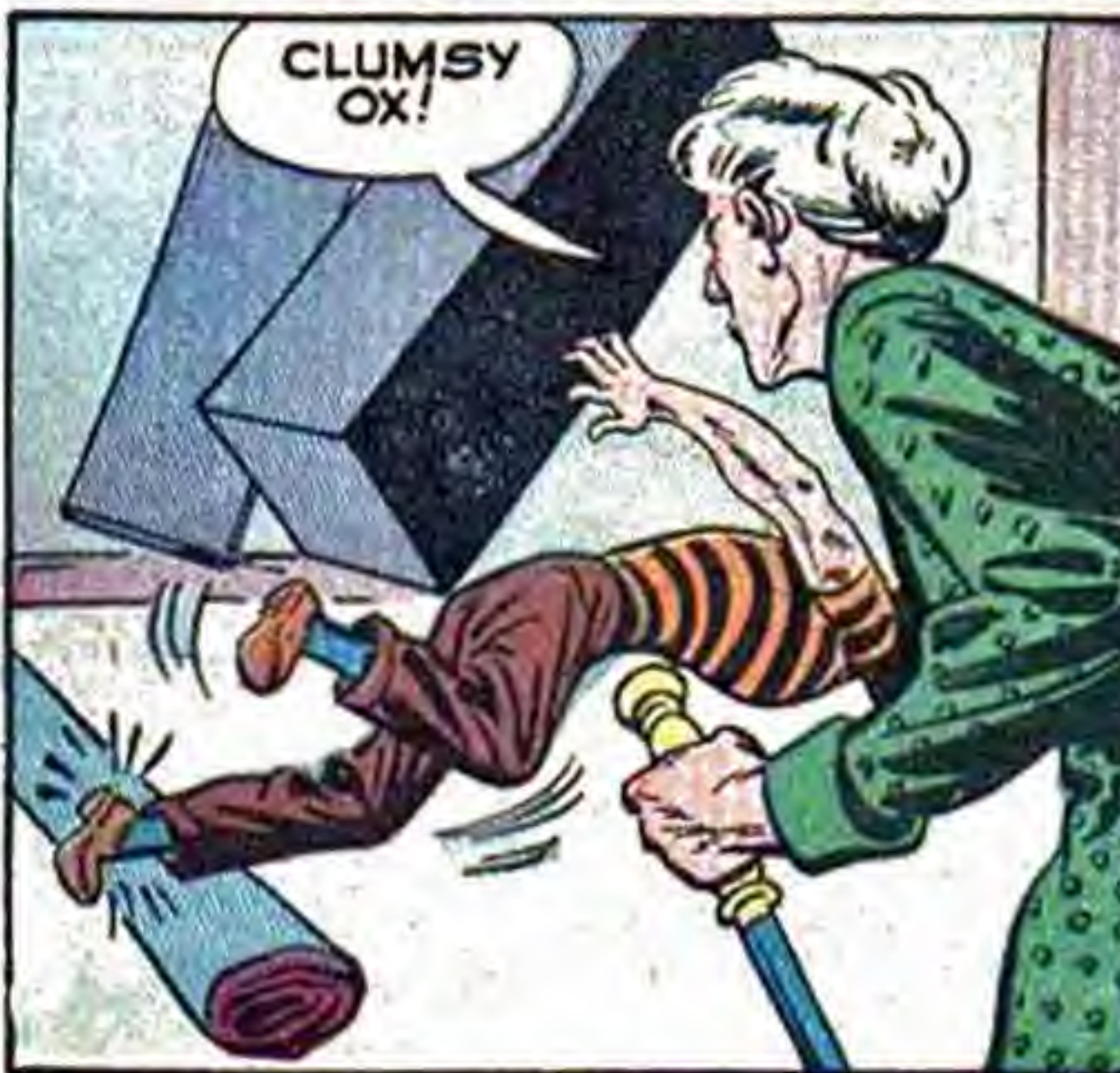
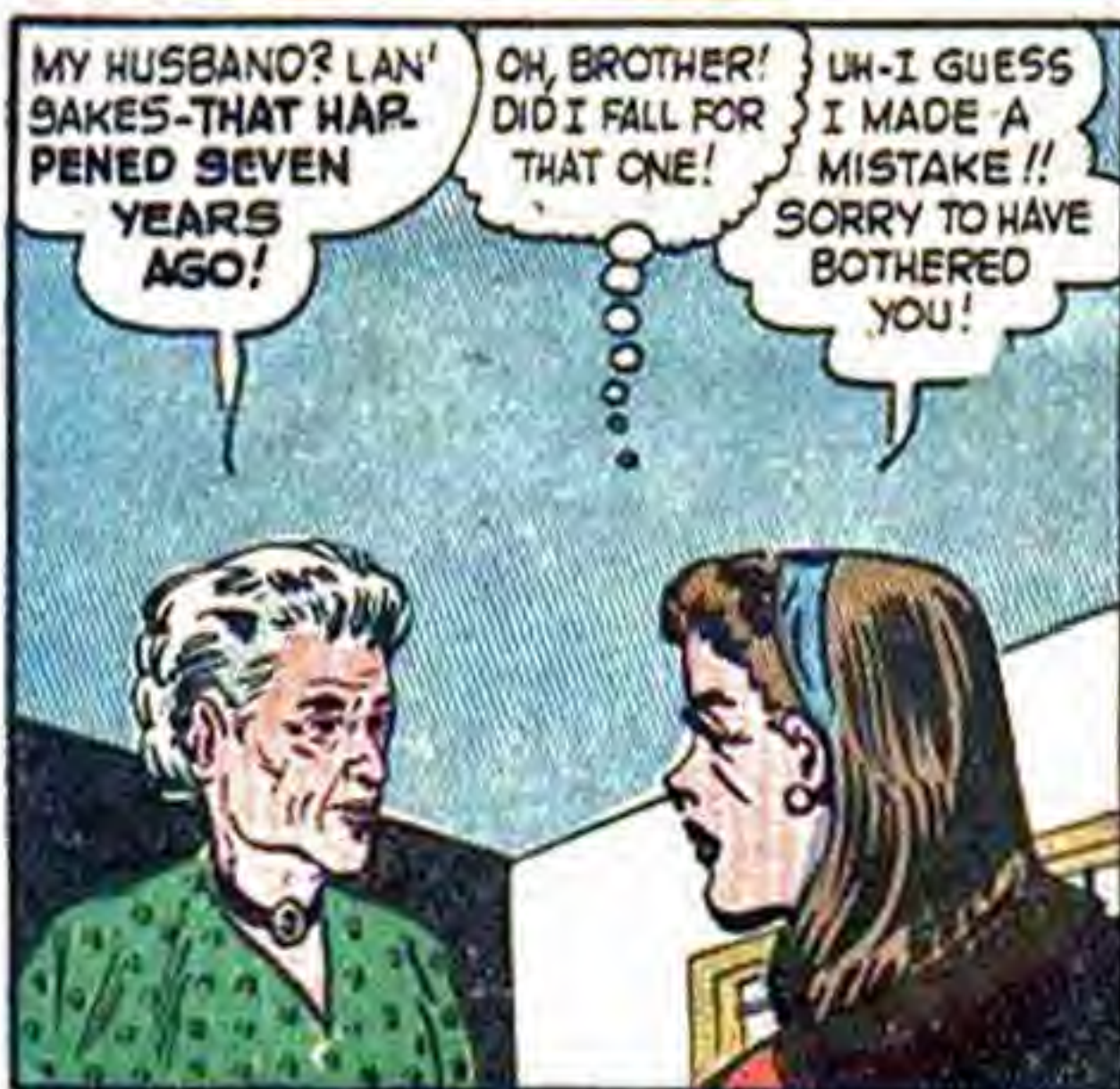
HO, HO! IS THAT A SCREAM? HER  
INTUITION TELLS HER---  
HA-HA-HA!

WHAT'S THE  
GAG?

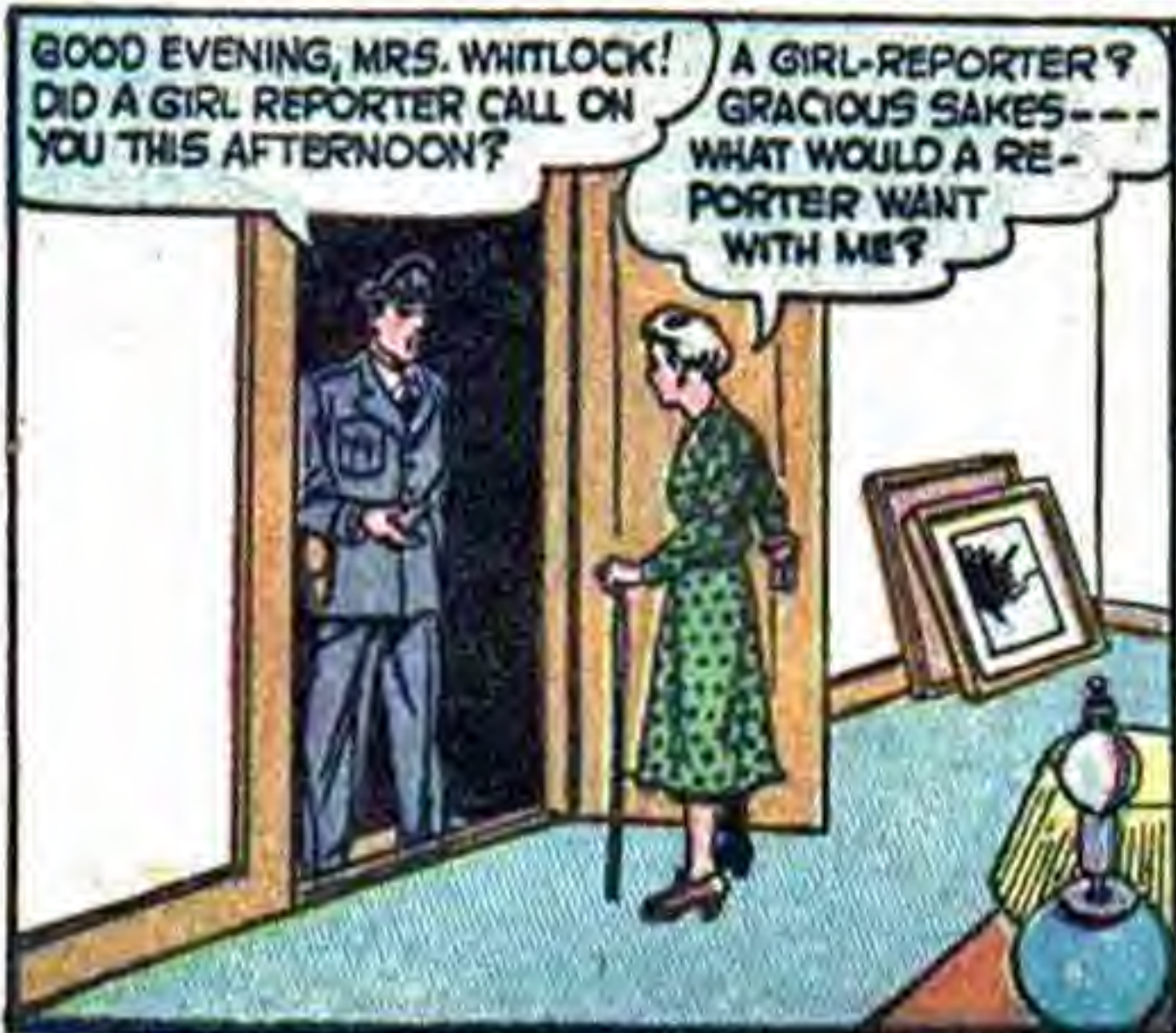
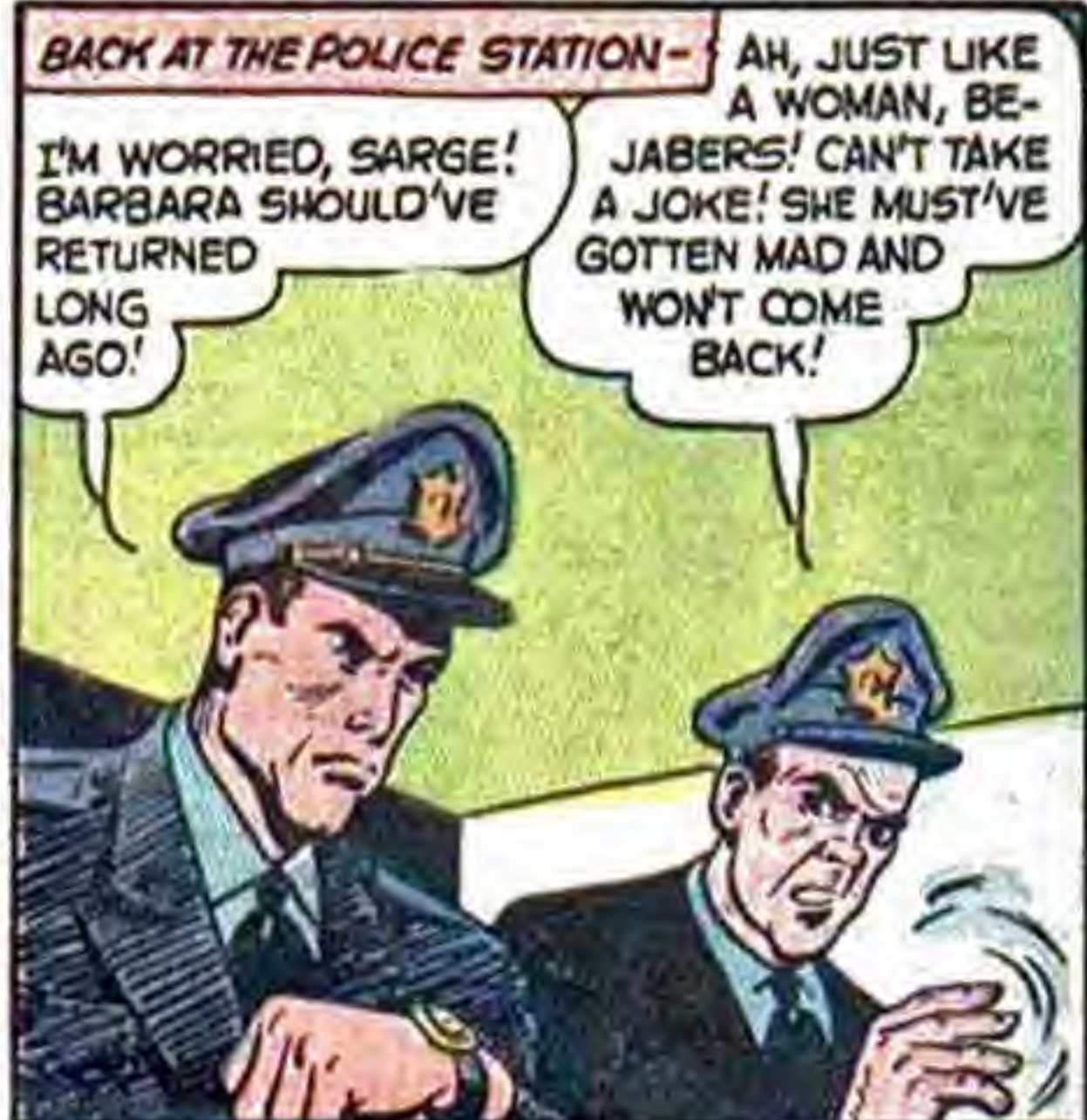


HER INTUITION MUST BE WORKING OVERTIME, 'CAUSE  
THAT CASE HAPPENED JUST SEVEN YEARS AGO!  
AHA, HA, HA!





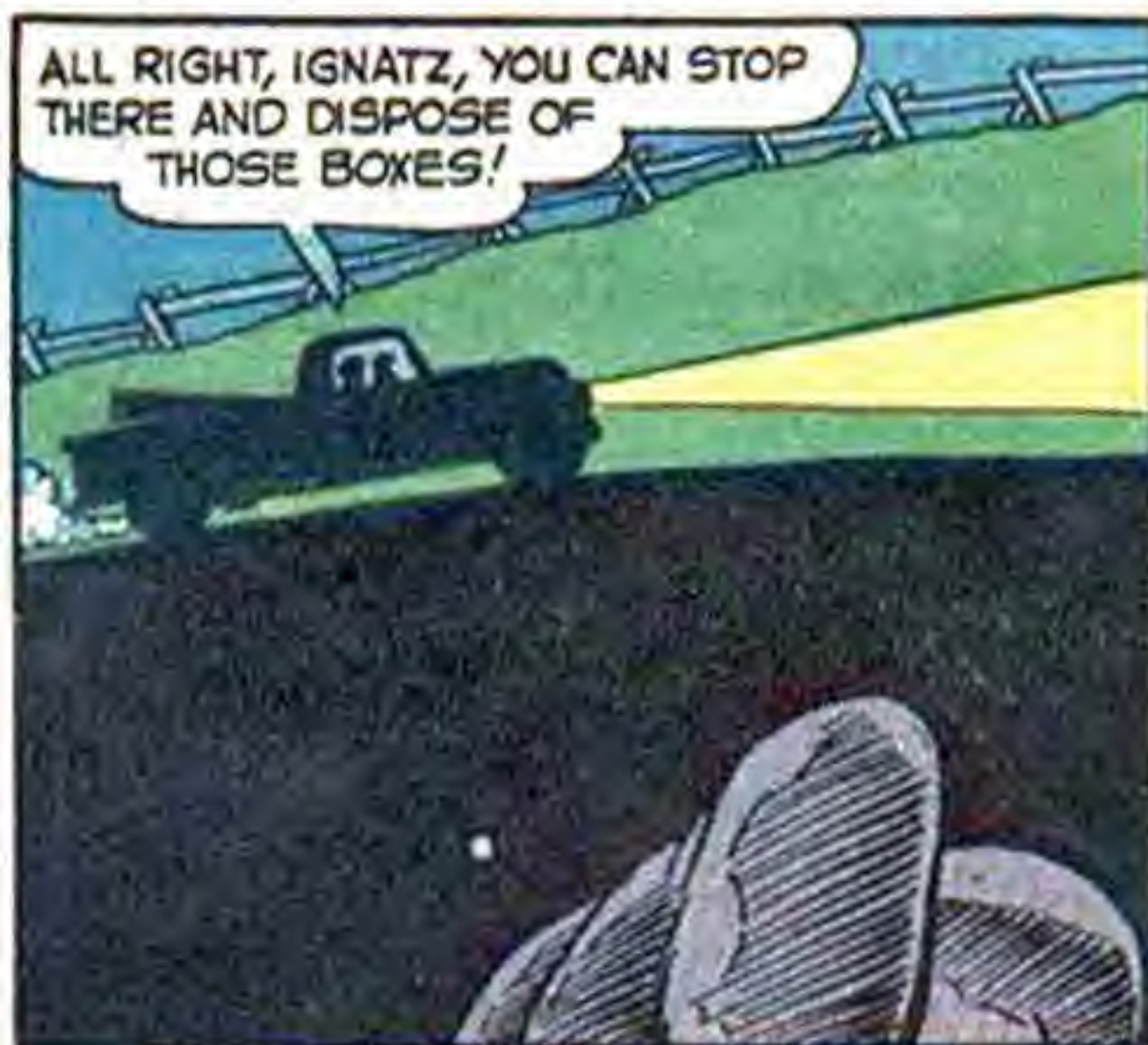




















PERFECT! NOW I'M RID OF THEM ALL-  
INCLUDING IGNATZ! THE STUPID OX  
NEVER COULD SWIM!



WOW-I DUCKED JUST IN TIME-  
ANOTHER SPLIT SECOND AND I'D  
HAVE BEEN  
FISH  
FOOD!



THE BOXES.  
SHE'S TOSSED  
'EM IN!



THIS IS THE ONE SHE'S PROBABLY  
GOT BARBARA IN!



SHE'S NOT DEAD YET-THANK HEAVENS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

YES! HOOD, THAT  
OTHER BOX-THERE'S  
A SKELETON IN  
IT!

FEELING ANY  
BETTER?



YES! AND I THINK I KNOW WHOSE IT IS! LOOK, BABS, I WANT YOU TO GO THROUGH YOUR NEWSPAPER FILES AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF WHICH COMPANY WHITLOCK WAS INSURED WITH!

HMM - I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE PICTURE MYSELF!



NEXT DAY, AT THE ROYAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OFFICES--

AH, YES, MRS. WHITLOCK! TODAY IS EXACTLY SEVEN YEARS SINCE YOUR HUSBAND'S DISAPPEARANCE, ISN'T IT?

YES, POOR SOUL! IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



ER-BY THE WAY, DO YOU HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

WHY, NO, MY GRIEF WAS SO GREAT, I COULDN'T BEAR SEEING HIS FACE!! I DESTROYED THEM ALL!



IS THIS A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND?

Y-YES! WHO GAVE IT TO YOU?



I DID!

YOU!





--OR TO PUT IT MORE ACCURATELY, THE POLICE LABORATORY DID! YOU SEE, THERE'S A WAY OF RECONSTRUCTING THE FEATURES OF A SKELETON, CALLED THE BERTILLON METHOD! APPARENTLY, THEY HIT IT CLOSE ENOUGH TO FOOL EVEN YOU!



THEY ALSO FOUND A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN! A VERY NEAT IDEA, MRS. WHITLOCK-MURDERING YOUR HUSBAND AND THEN HIDING HIS CORPSE IN YOUR CELLAR FOR SEVEN YEARS--THE LAST PLACE ANYBODY WOULD THINK OF LOOKING!



YOU KNEW, THAT AFTER SEVEN YEARS, HE'D BE DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD! AND YOU COULD COLLECT HIS LIFE-INSURANCE--\$200,000 WORTH!



YOU WERE ALL READY TO COLLECT YOUR INSURANCE AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY--WHEN JUSTICE, IN THE FORM OF A GIRL-REPORTER CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

LEMME PUT THE CUFFS ON HER'N HAUL HER AWAY!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!

OH, IZZATSO? WHY, YOU OLE WITCH, I'LL---



YOU'LL WHAT?









# WORLD WONDERS



**V**ERY OFTEN AFRICAN TRIBESMEN, WHEN GIVEN EUROPEAN BOOTS, CARRY THEM WHEN WALKING SO AS NOT TO WEAR THEM OUT. THEY CONSIDER BOOTS ONLY FOR SHOW!



**A** CERTAIN AMERICAN MANUFACTURER OF FARM EQUIPMENT, WHEN SHIPPING TOOLS TO THE PERUVIANS LIVING HIGH ABOVE THE ANDEAN TIMBER LINE, SHIPS THEM IN PINE BOXES. THE NATIVES USE THE BOXES FOR **COFFINS!**



-Goss



**CAMELS** WERE ONCE NATIVE TO AMERICA.

IN THE BALL GAME PLAYED BY THE ANCIENT AZTECS, THE HARD RUBBER BALL COULD BE HIT ONLY WITH THE BODY... IT WAS SO DIFFICULT TO PUT THE BALL THRU THE HOOP THAT A PLAYER WHO DID WON THE GAME AND WAS ALLOWED ALL THE CLOTHES AND PROPERTY OF THE SPECTATORS.



# Black HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



*The*  
**GOURMET  
STRIKES  
AGAIN!**









GOOD GRIEF! ALL I DID WAS INVITE YOU OVER FOR DINNER!

THAT'S PLENTY! A REAL HOME-COOKED MEAL! WOW!



WELL, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, IT'S NOT READY YET!



LET'S HEAR THE NEWS MEANWHILE, SARGE!

FLASH! THE GOURMET HAS JUST BROKEN OUT OF PRISON!

THOSE RUMMIES LET 'EM ESCAPE ALMOST AS FAST AS WE CATCH 'EM!

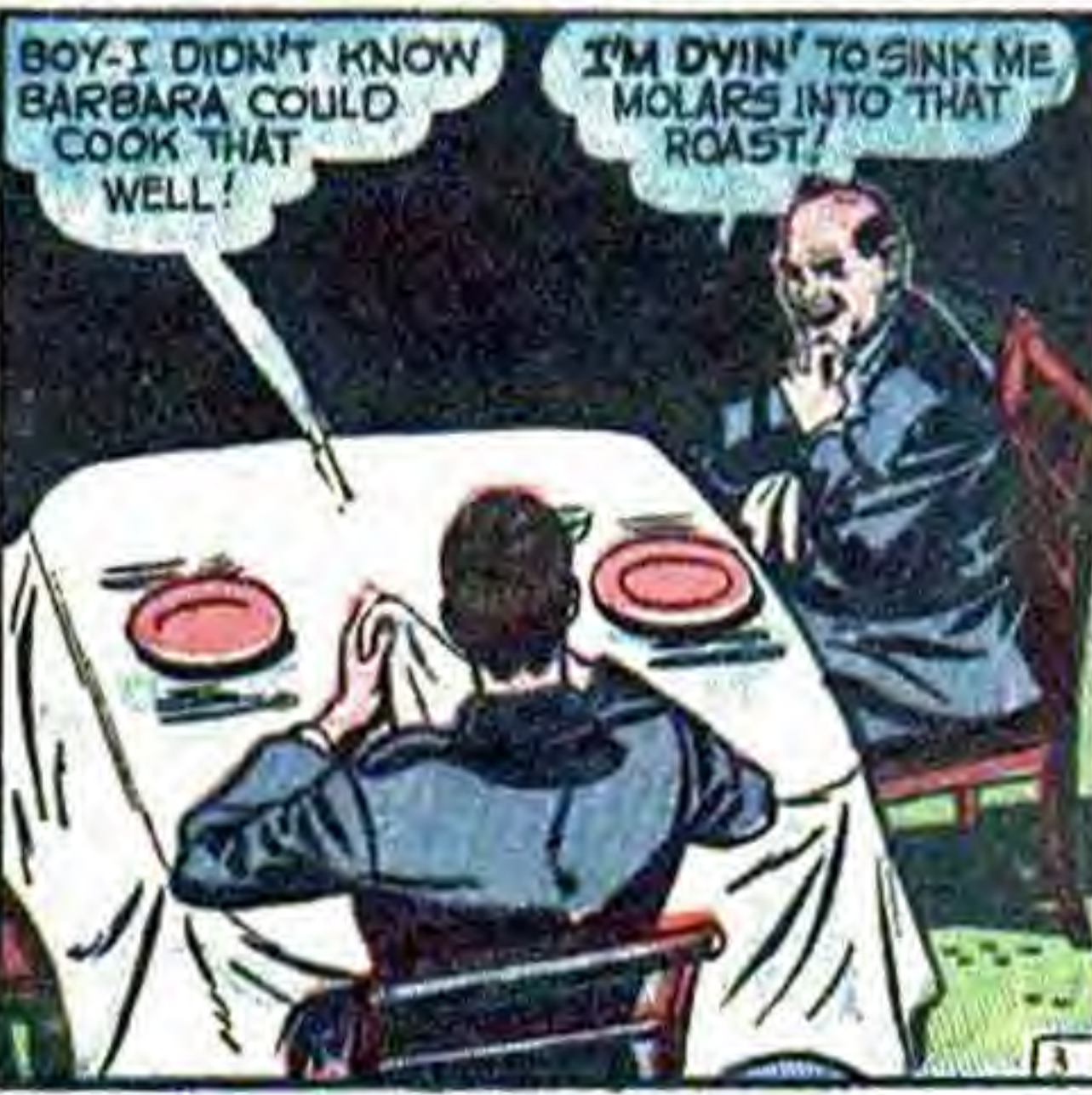


ANYWAY, TH' GOURMET'LL HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO SHOW UP HERE IN NORTHVILLE, BEJABERS!

-BUT-THE GOURMET'S JUST CRAFTY ENOUGH TO FIGURE THIS IS THE LAST PLACE THE POLICE WOULD LOOK FOR HIM!



UMMMM! WILL YOU PLEASE SMELL THAT COOKING?



BOY-I DIDN'T KNOW BARBARA COULD COOK THAT WELL!

I'M DYIN' TO SINK ME MOLARS INTO THAT ROAST!





I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR WISH, SERGEANT MCGINTY!

WHAT TH-?

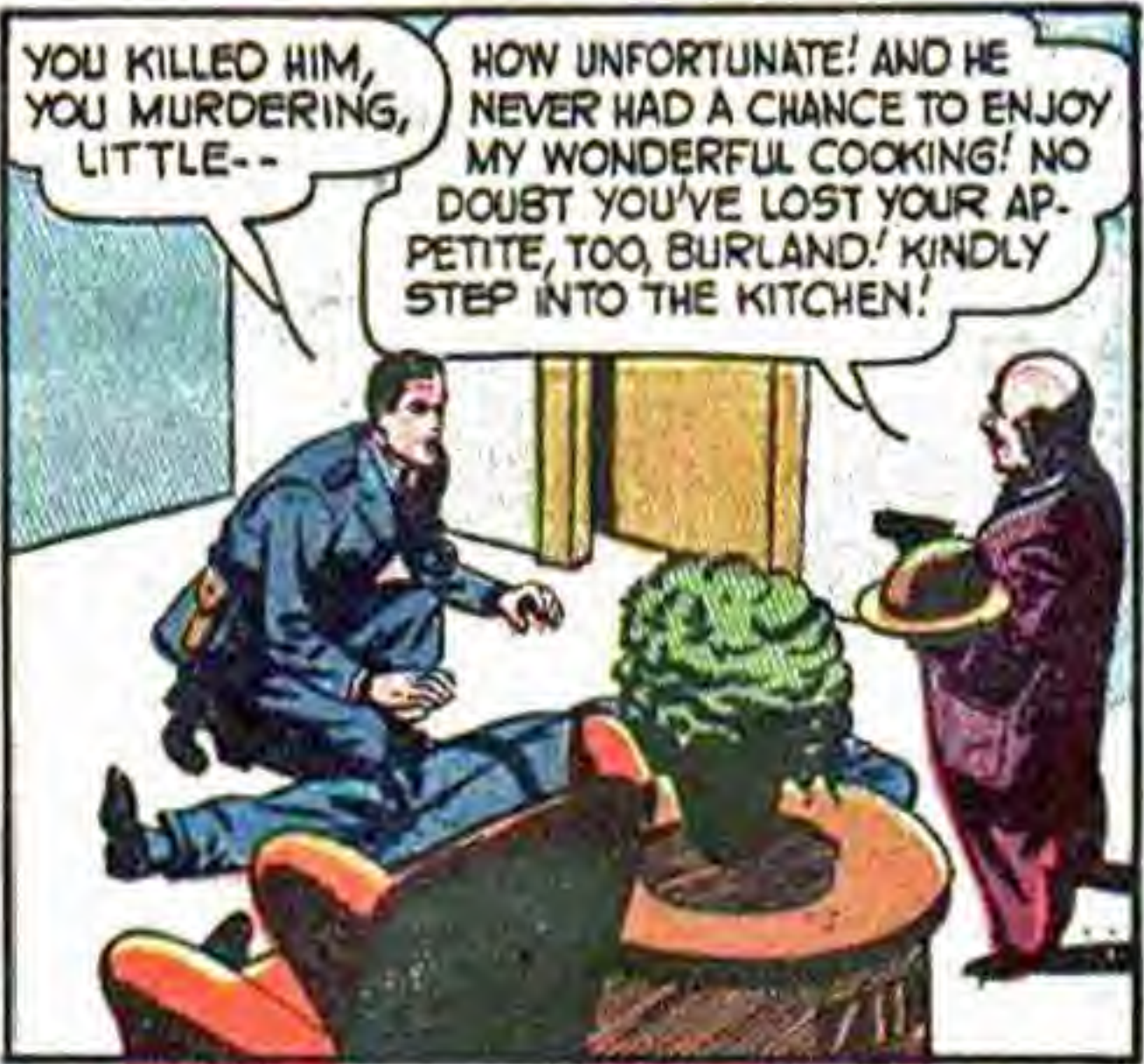
THE GOURMET!



HA, DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, GENTLEMEN! IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW YOU, HERE, AND SNEAK INTO THE KITCHEN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF FINISHING THE DINNER MISS SUTTON SO THOUGHTFULLY STARTED! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ONE LAST GOOD MEAL!



WHY, YOU DIRTY PUNK! I'LL-OO-OOHAAW!



YOU KILLED HIM, YOU MURDERING, LITTLE--

HOW UNFORTUNATE! AND HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO ENJOY MY WONDERFUL COOKING! NO DOUBT YOU'VE LOST YOUR AP-PETITE, TOO, BURLAND! KINDLY STEP INTO THE KITCHEN!



BABS!



NICE AND SECURE, EH? I SHOULD ALLOW THE CONDEMNED MAN A HEARTY MEAL, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME---



I HAVE A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ! MEANWHILE, I'LL TURN ON THE GAS JETS--



TA, TA! I NEVER EXPECTED TO HAVE MY REVENGE SO EASILY-YOU WERE MOST CO-OPERATIVE!



KIP, I CAN HARDLY BREATHE-I-I--

IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON, WE'LL ALL BE DEAD!



THE WINDOW! IF I CAN ONLY WORK THIS CHAIR TOWARD IT-IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE FALLING GLASS STRIKES A POLICEMAN BELOW----







THAT GLASS CAME FROM THIS APARTMENT! SNIF-SNIFF!

**GAS!**



WHAT GOES HERE?

HURRY-TURN OFF THE GAS AND UNTIE THESE ROPES!



THANK HEAVENS, MCGINTY'S STILL BREATHING! RING FOR AN AMBULANCE, QUICK!

**RIGHT!**



WHAT NOW?

IT SEEMS THAT THE BLACK HOOD HAS AN APPOINTMENT AT THE CARLTON-RITZ!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CARLTON-RITZ KITCHEN-----

MY NEW HEAD CHEF-WHERE HE IS?

ZAT I DO NOT KNOW!



HERE I AM, PIERRE-SORRY TO BE LATE!

**ZOUP!** WE MUST HAVE ZOUP-IT IS NEARLY ZUPPERTIME!









UGH-I FEEL FAINT!



WHAT IS? EVERYBODY IS FAINTING! MY RESTAURANT, SHE IS RUINED! HELP! GET A DOCTAIRE!



DISCARDING HIS 'CHEF'S' CLOTHES, THE GOURMET GOES ABOUT HIS 'WORK'-UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION!

I'M SO SORRY YOU DIDN'T ENJOY THE SOUP! MAY I ASSIST YOU, MADAM? THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!



THE BLACK HOOD!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!



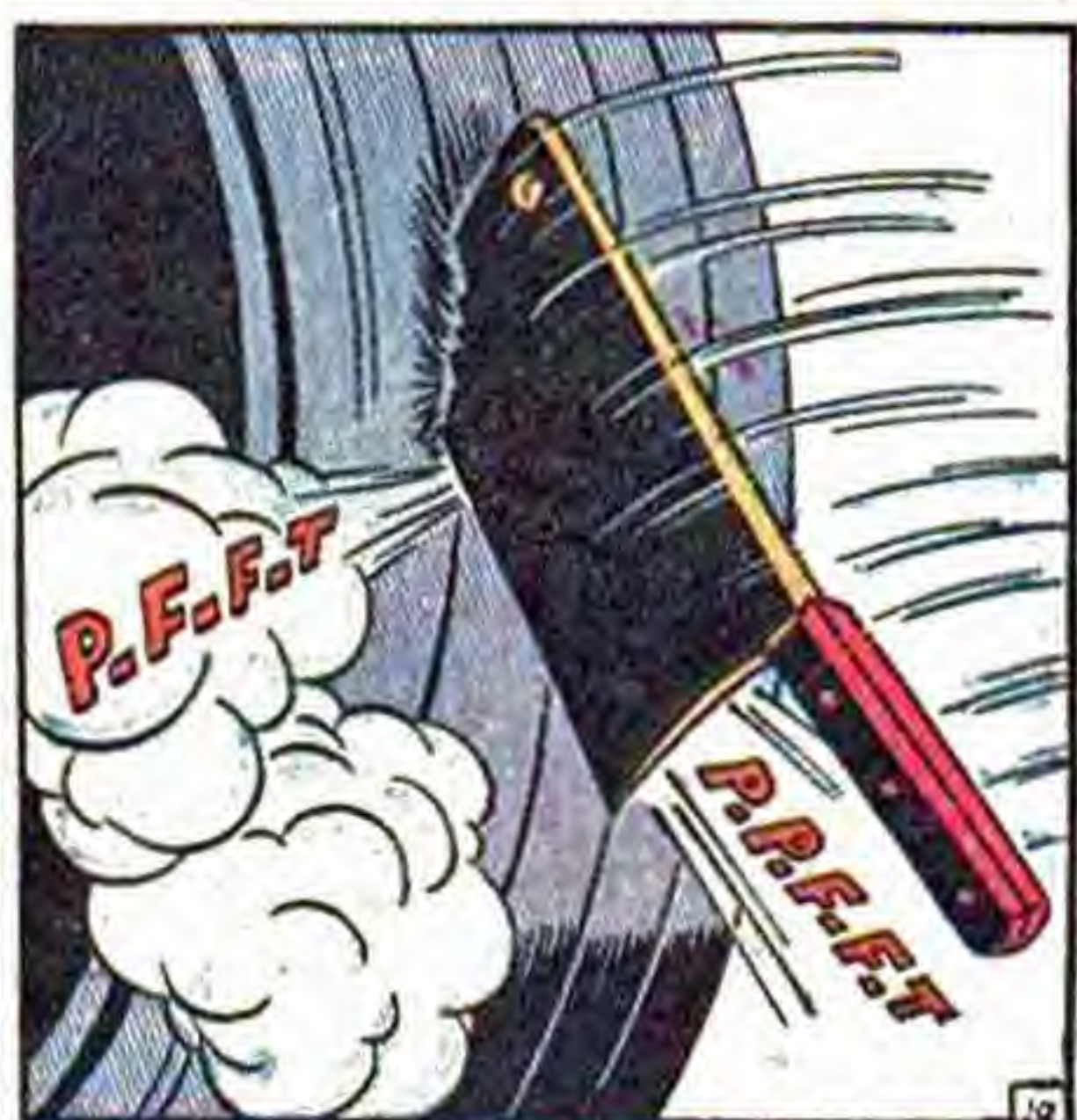
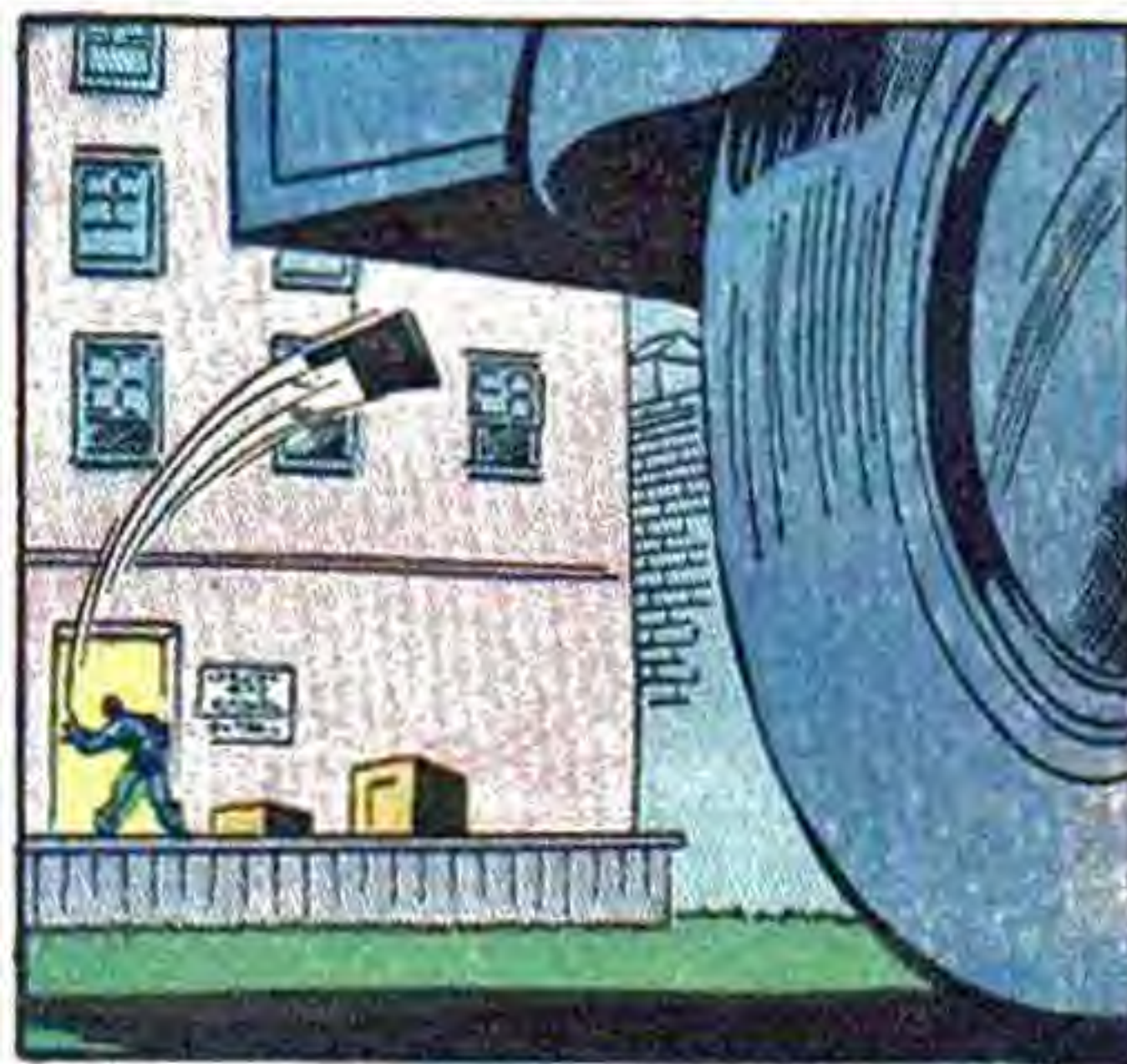
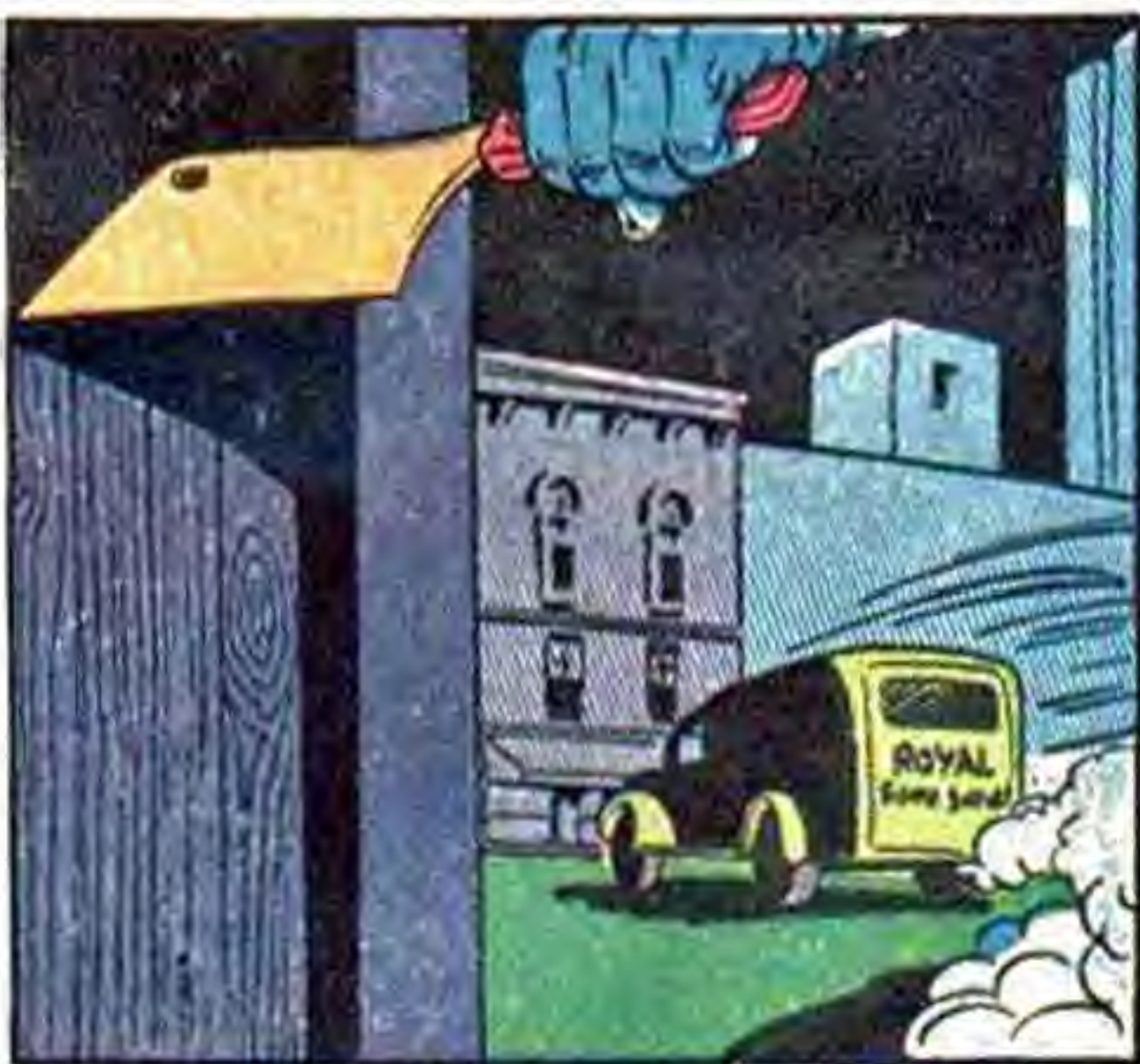
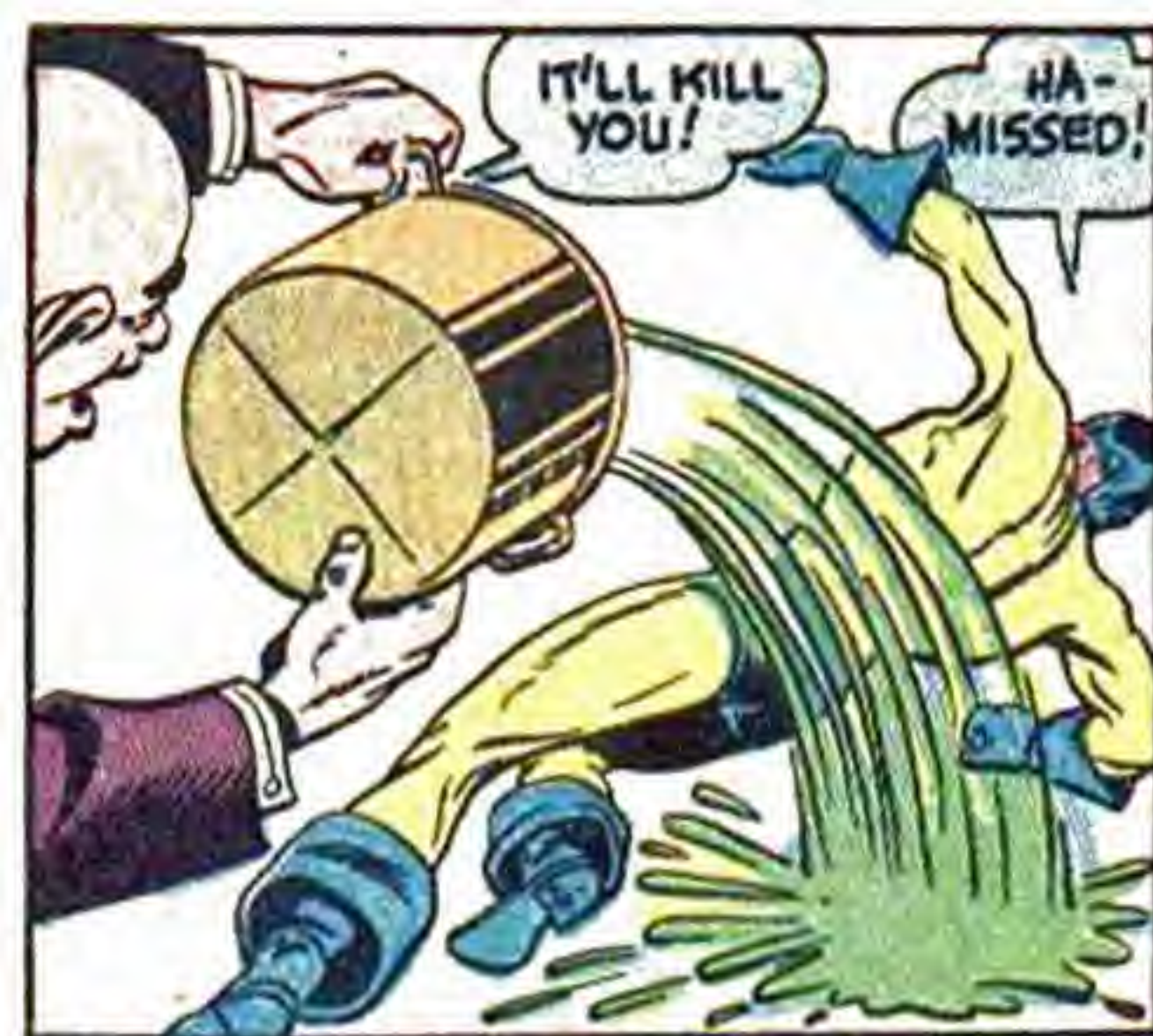
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

KITCHEN











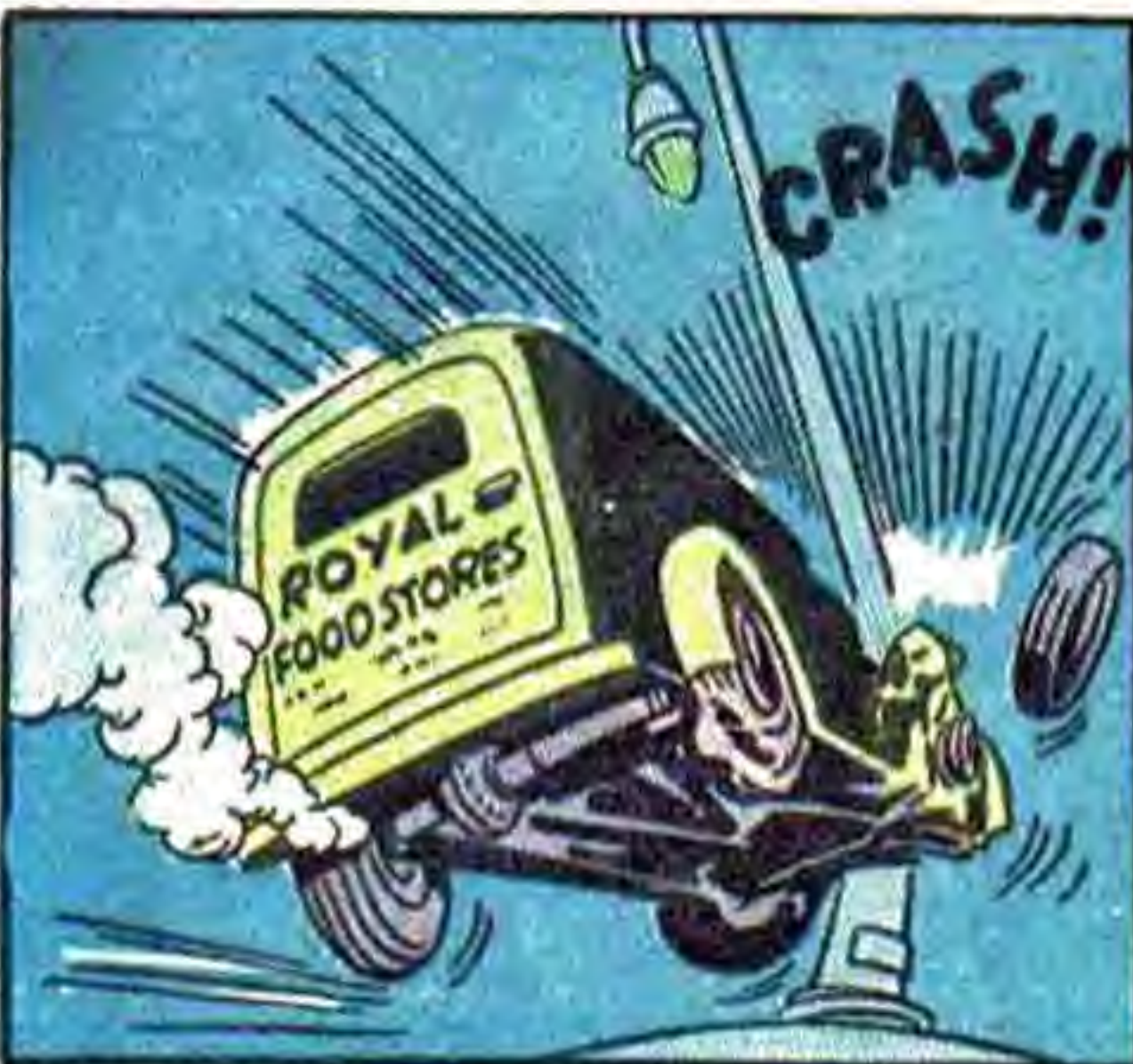
A BLOWOUT - I CAN'T  
CONTROL THE  
TRUCK!!



THE TRUCK LURCHES CRAZILY TOWARD A LAMP POST!



CRASH!



THAT STOPPED HIM--  
AND HOW!



WELL, WELL, QUITE  
A DISH!



IF I HAD A PAINTING OF THAT, I'D  
CALL IT THE LAST  
MEAL!

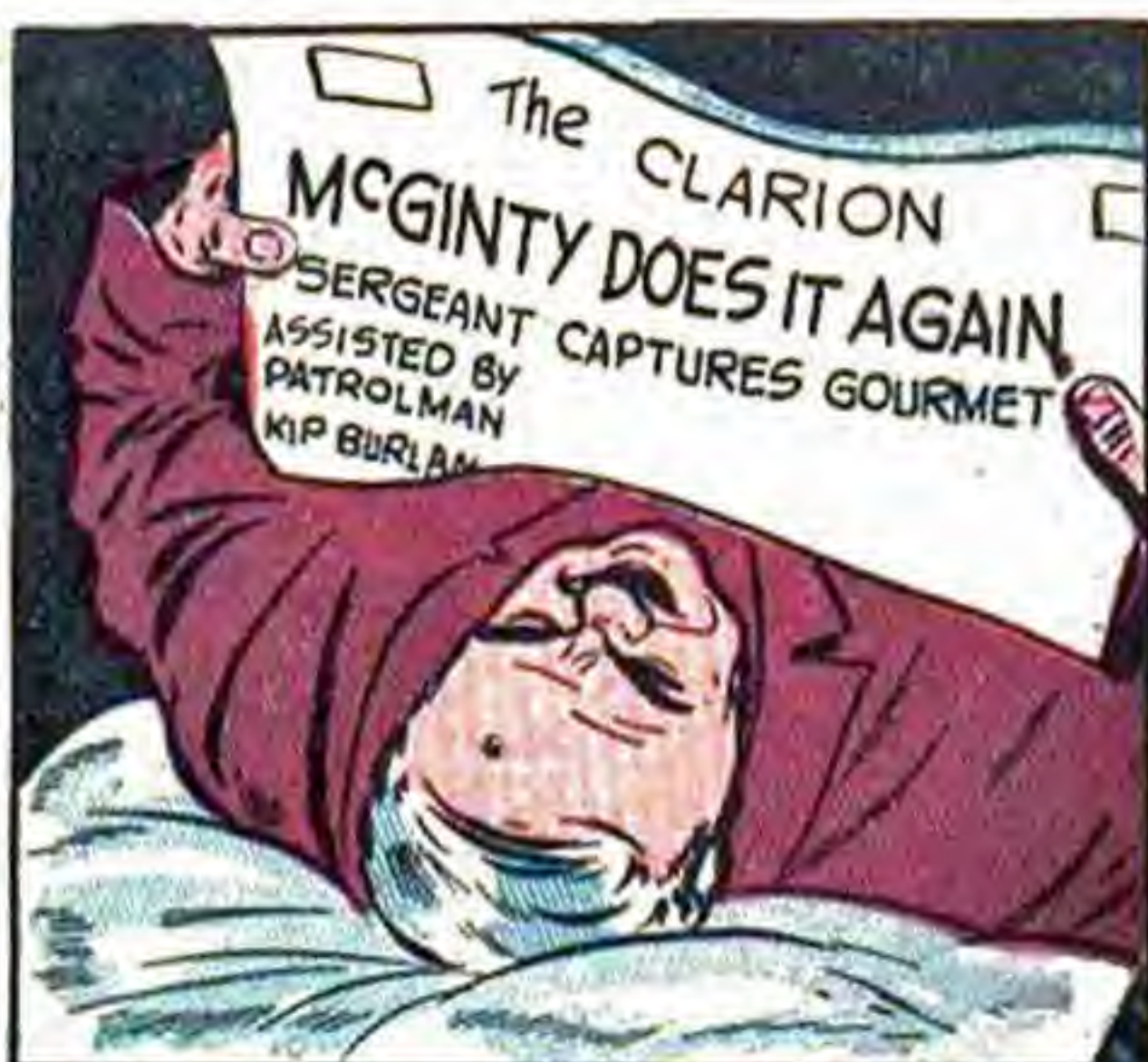




THE NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL---

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS HEAD-  
LINE, SARGE! IT SHOULD MAKE  
YOU FEEL MUCH BETTER!

LESSEE!



WELL, GOTTA LEAVE NOW, SARGE-GONNA  
FINISH THAT DINNER BABS STARTED  
YESTERDAY! TOO BAD YOU  
CAN'T COME!

YEAH-  
G'BYE!



AT BAB'S HOME, AFTER DINNER---

**BURP.**  
ULP!

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
KIP?



-AND WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A  
MORGUE! S. SO LONG,  
BABS!



WONDER WHICH IS WORSE, MCGINTY, AN OUT AND  
OUT CRIMINAL LIKE THE GOURMET, OR A WOMAN  
WHO CAN'T COOK?





# THE STRANGE CASE OF MICHAEL DEAN

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

**T**HE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute. . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before. . . ."

Then the police came, and with them, Patrolman Kip Burland. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Kip's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Dean's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman. . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy, the sister.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Burland turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed into Kip's ear, "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Kip Burland. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Kip nodded. "I see," he said. "Look here, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head vigorously.

Kip thought for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders. "What did he look like?" he asked.

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Kip said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask. Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck."

Dorothy's eyes became clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia—and she died. And right on top of that, Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak . . . and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Kip Burland nodded thoughtfully "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, I'm sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they have the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

But outside, he became The Black Hood. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared



in astonishment as The Black Hood entered the room.

"Dean," The Hood said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you, Black Hood. How do you mean—help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that The Hood had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean," The Black Hood said, "I'm going to restore your voice."

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?" he wrote.

"I am going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance, I think I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook as he wrote hurriedly, "Anything. I'll take any chance. . . ."

"All right," said The Hood. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Hood waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly," he ordered. He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Hood lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily into the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Hood jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The Hood. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gurgling sound,

hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "I can speak! I can speak. . . ."

The Black Hood smiled. "Now look at your thumb—the one that was paralyzed."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Hood said. "I'm not a surgeon—I don't know a thing about operating. . . ."

Dean stared at him. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Hood, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I do know a great deal about the mental workings of people—about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case as *anaesthesia*."

The Hood paused. Then he continued: "Let me tell you a little about *anaesthesia*," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatric science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself."

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's a kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable. . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," interrupted The Hood. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy—something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and, sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. Why, there have been cases where a patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his

leg—and he'd hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel the pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some others. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy—and your family was getting a little used to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actually faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. This time your thumb became paralyzed."

The Hood walked to the door—then slowly turned around, facing the group. "There's a treatment for anaesthesiatic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have diagnosed your case and used this treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into imagining himself paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into the boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment that doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naturally, your supposedly paralyzed thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting—became normal in a hurry."

He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself—and go out and get a job."

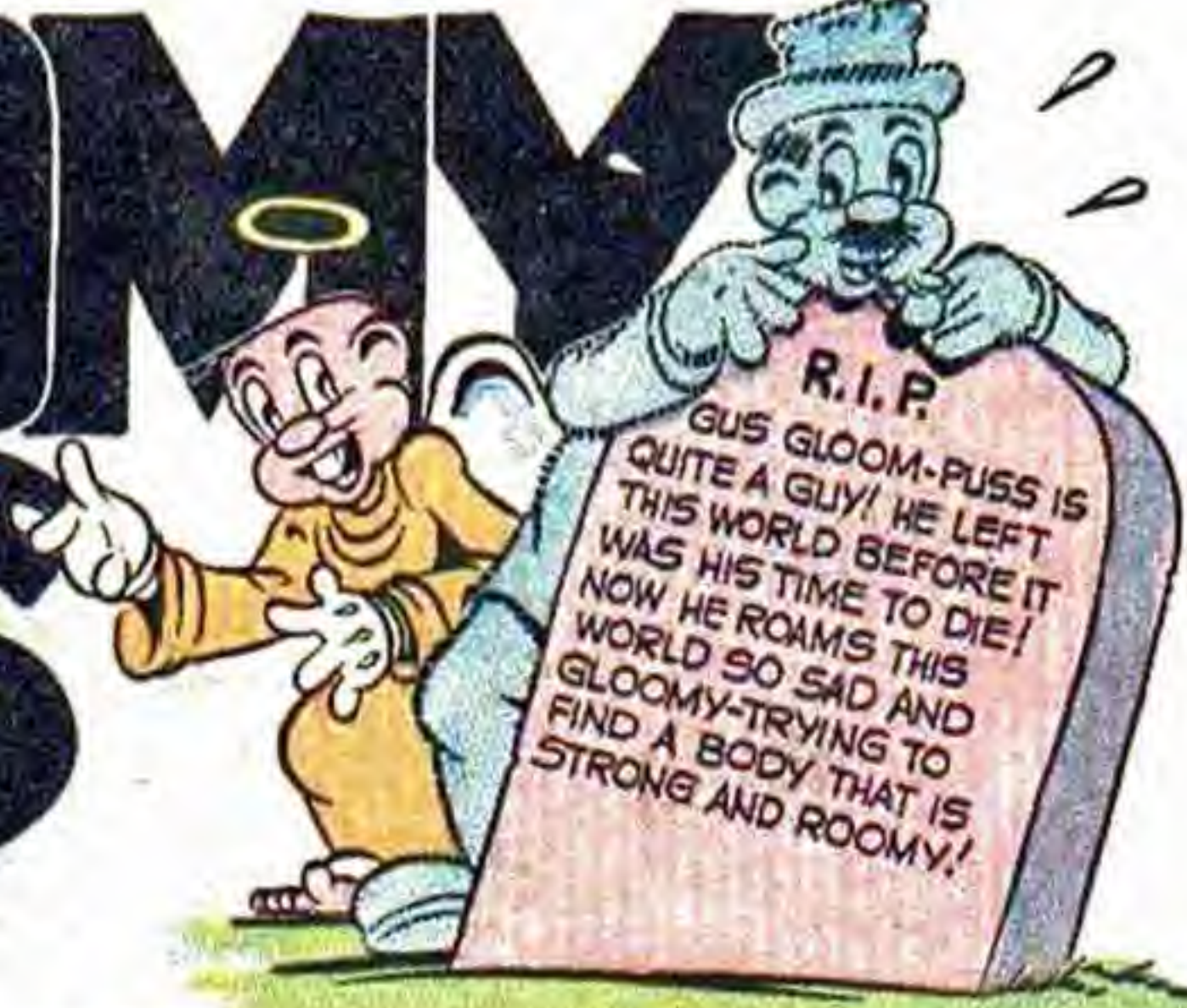
Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.



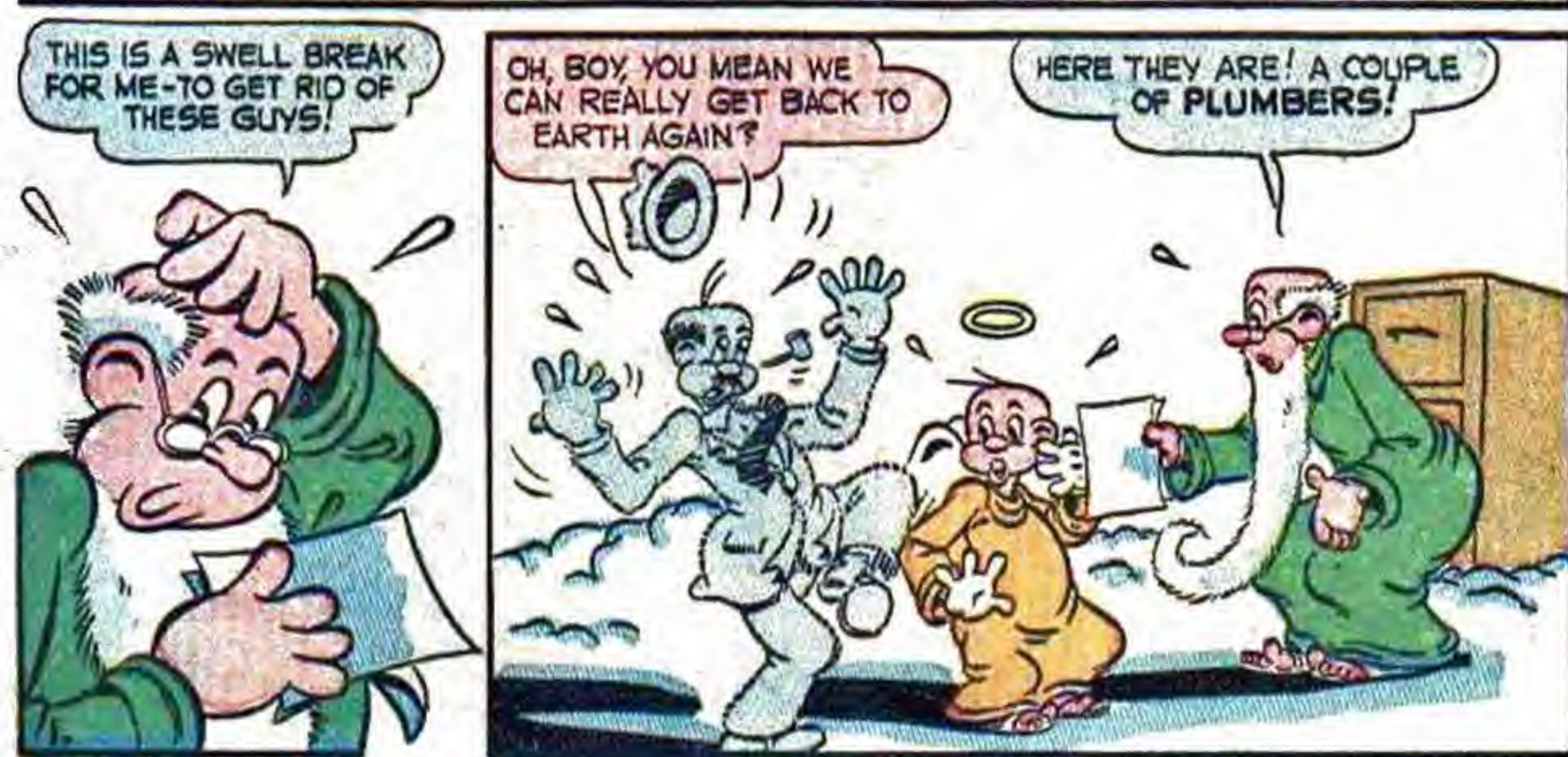
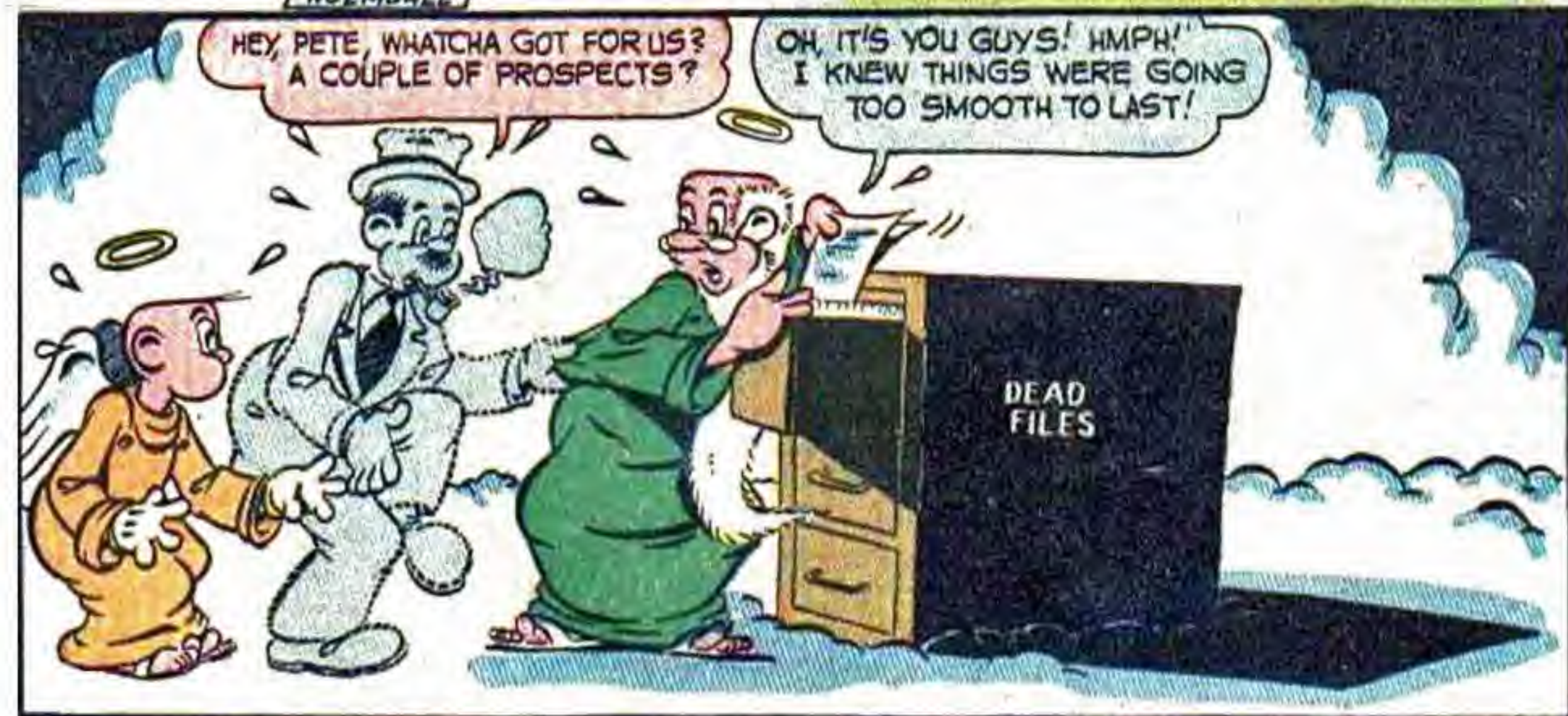
# GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST  
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL GABBY

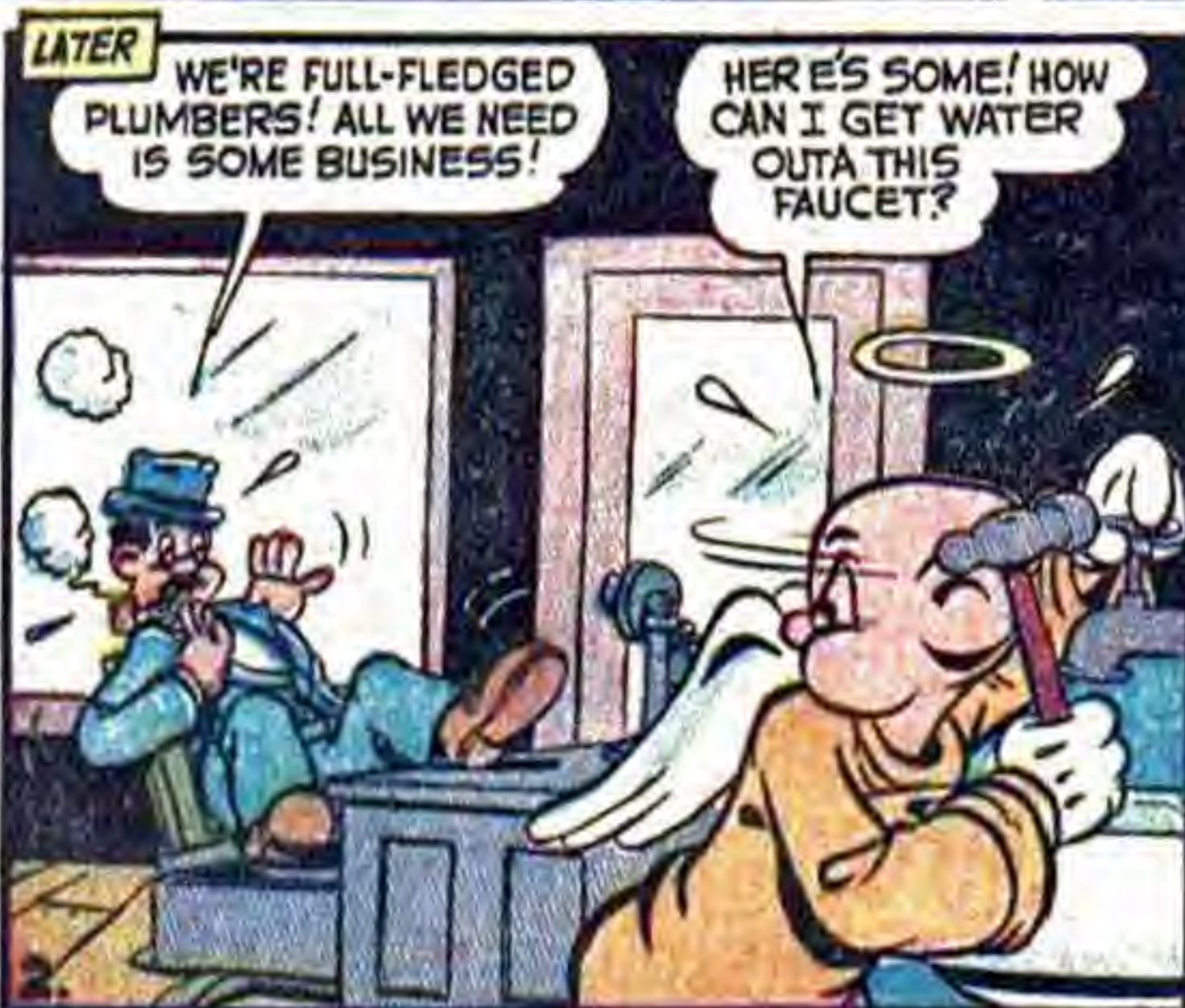
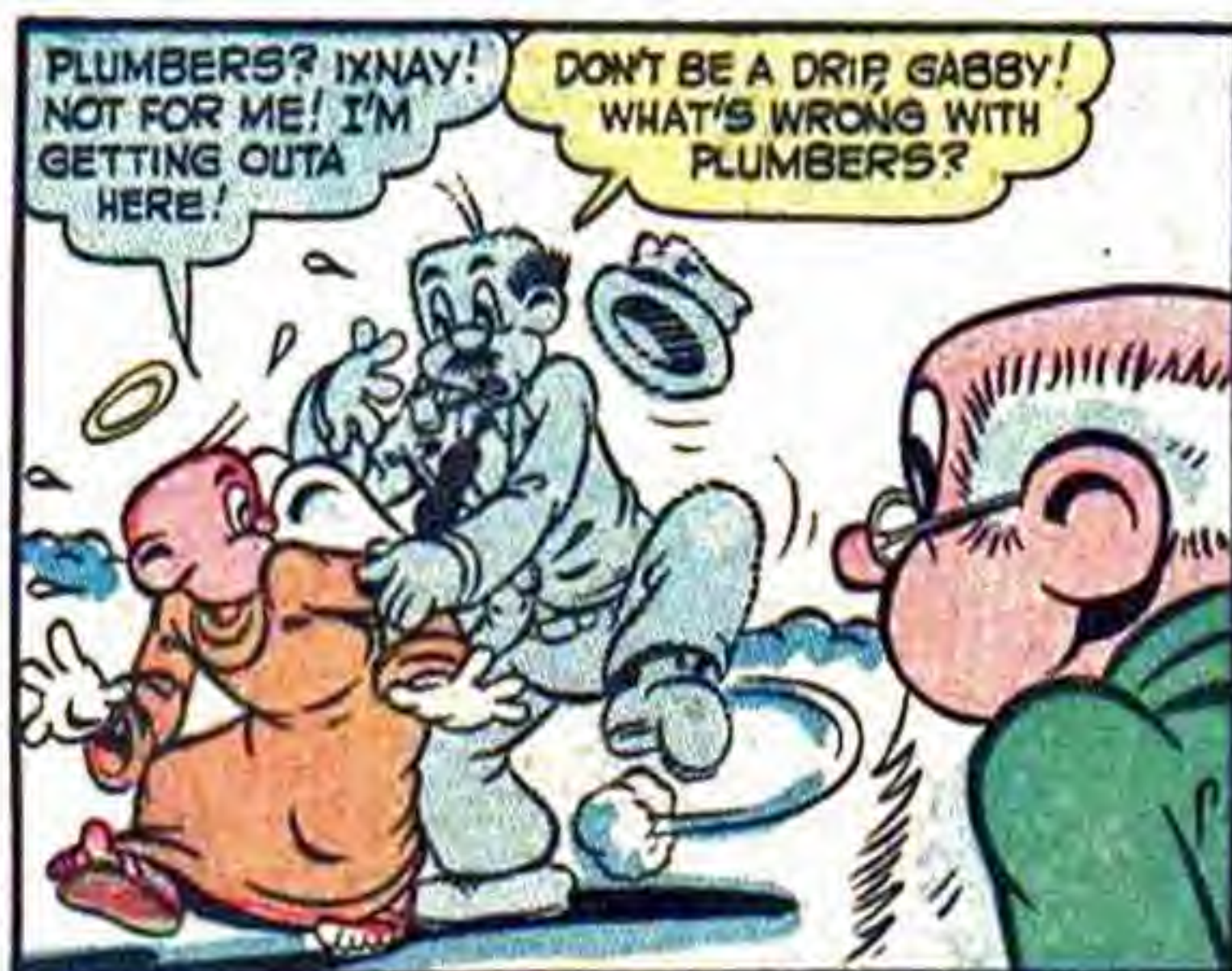
RED HOLMDOALE



R.I.P.  
GUS GLOOM-PUSS IS  
QUITE A GUY! HE LEFT  
THIS WORLD BEFORE IT  
WAS HIS TIME TO DIE!  
NOW HE ROAMS THIS  
WORLD SO SAD AND  
GLOOMY-TRYING TO  
FIND A BODY THAT IS  
STRONG AND ROOMY!









-HOLD EVERYTHING  
TILL WE GET THERE!



C'MON, GABBY, WE  
GOTTA RUSH TO  
CITY HALL! THE  
MAYOR WANTS  
US, RIGHT  
AWAY!



PROB'LY GOING  
TO TAKE AWAY  
OUR LICENSES!

NOW THAT WE'RE THE MAYOR'S  
SPECIAL PLUMBERS, WE OUGHTA  
CHANGE OUR  
TITLES TO  
'HYDRAMATIC  
TECHNICIANS'!



THE CITY HALL SHOULD  
BE AT THE END OF  
THIS BLOCK!



HOLY  
SMOKES  
GUS-  
LOOKY!

THE MAYOR REALLY MEANT IT,  
WHEN HE SAID HE HAD A  
SPECIAL JOB!



C'MON, GABBY, BRING  
THAT MAN-HOLE COVER  
HERE! WE CAN  
USE IT!



BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU-  
UGH!

NOW THAT I GOT  
THIS THING-WOTCHA  
WANT ME TO DO  
WITH IT?

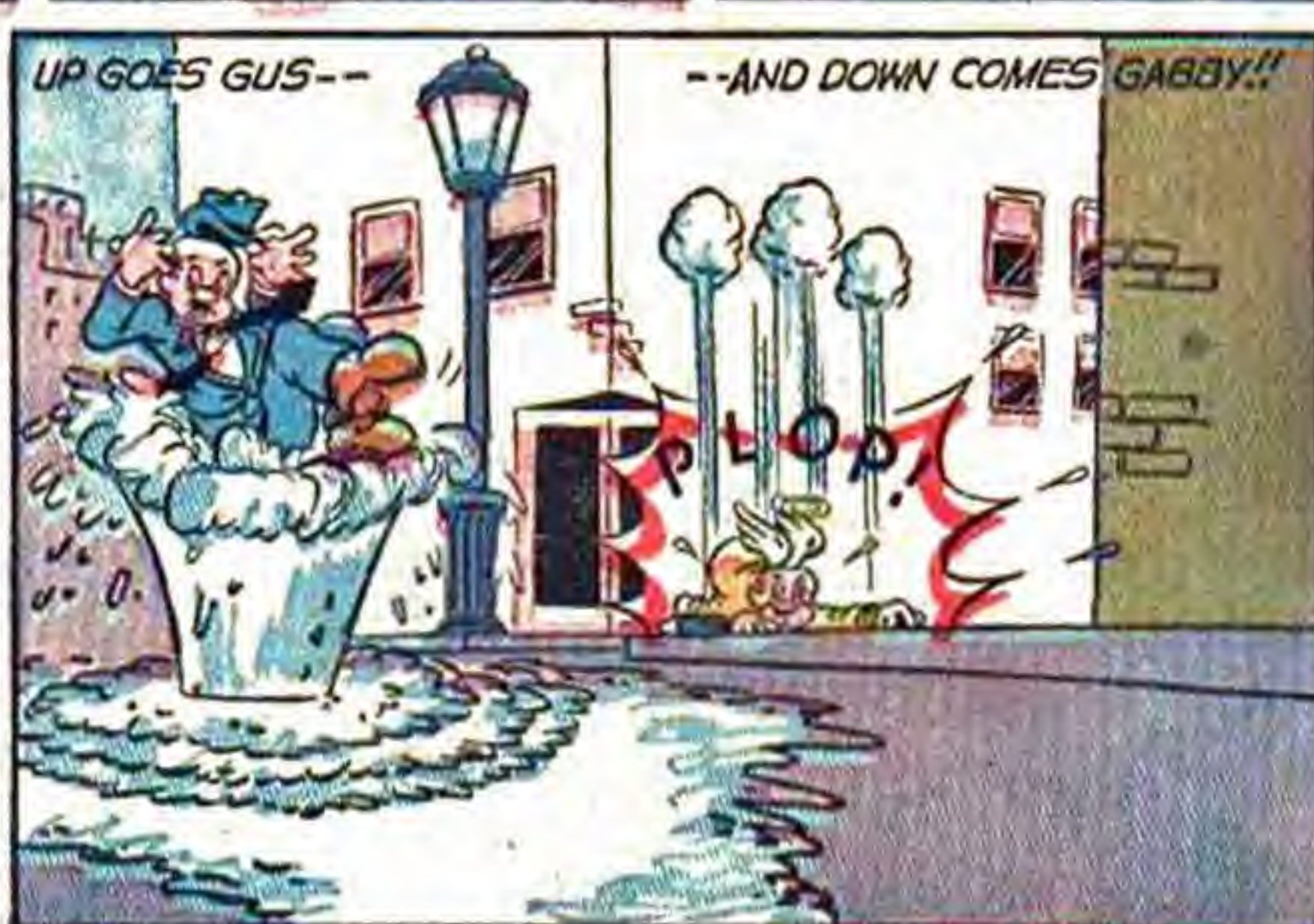


DROP IT OVER THE  
SPRAY! IT'LL CUT  
DOWN THE  
PRESSURE!

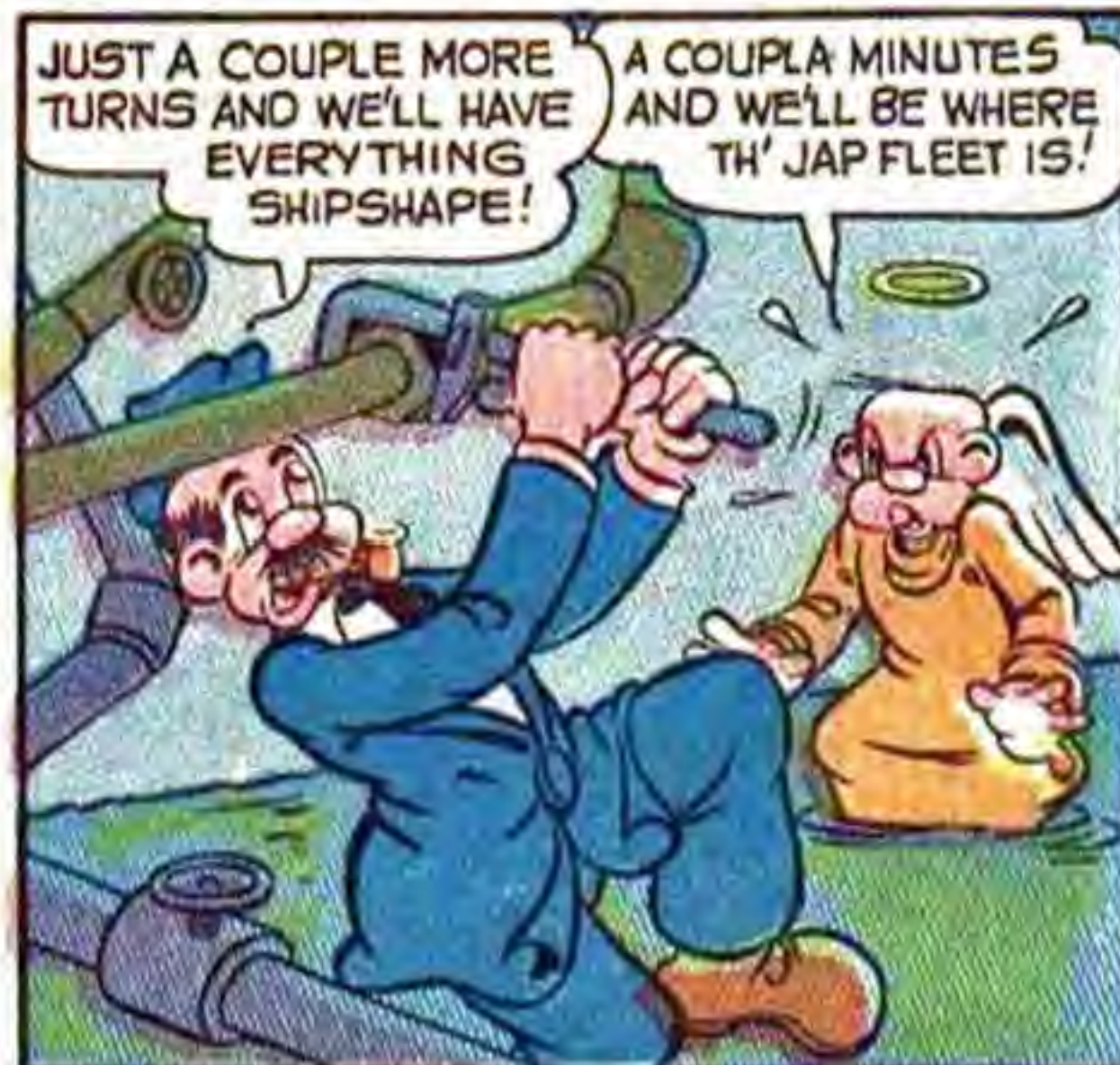


I DUNNO! THAT  
DON'T SOUND  
RIGHT!













WE JUST CAME TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING'S FIXED!

EVERYTHING'S FIXED ALL RIGHT- LISTEN TO SOME O' THE COM- PLANTS I'M GETTING!

LE'S LISEN, GUS!



-BUT I TELL YOU I JUST TURNED ON THE GAS STOVE!

WHAT THE-?

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO MY WEL- DERS! IT IS SABOTAGE!



THE WEATHER REPORT FOR TODAY IS-BLUB- BLUB-HELP! I'M DROWNING!

BUT I TELL YOU I WANT TH' MAYOR!

CONTROL ROOM



LE'S GO!



AS FOR YOU TWO IDIOTS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



--JUST AS SOON AS I CALL THE POLICE-- BLUB-UGH!



COME ON, YOU GUYS! BEFORE YOU FLOOD THE WHOLE CITY!



WE WERE GLAD TO LEAVE THAT PLACE, PETE-BUT TELL US HOW THOSE PLUMBERS CAME TO DIE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THEY DROWNED!



**TROUBLE! TROUBLE!**  
WHERE ARE YOU?

**IT SHOULDN'T  
HAPPEN  
TO A  
DOG!**

Burton

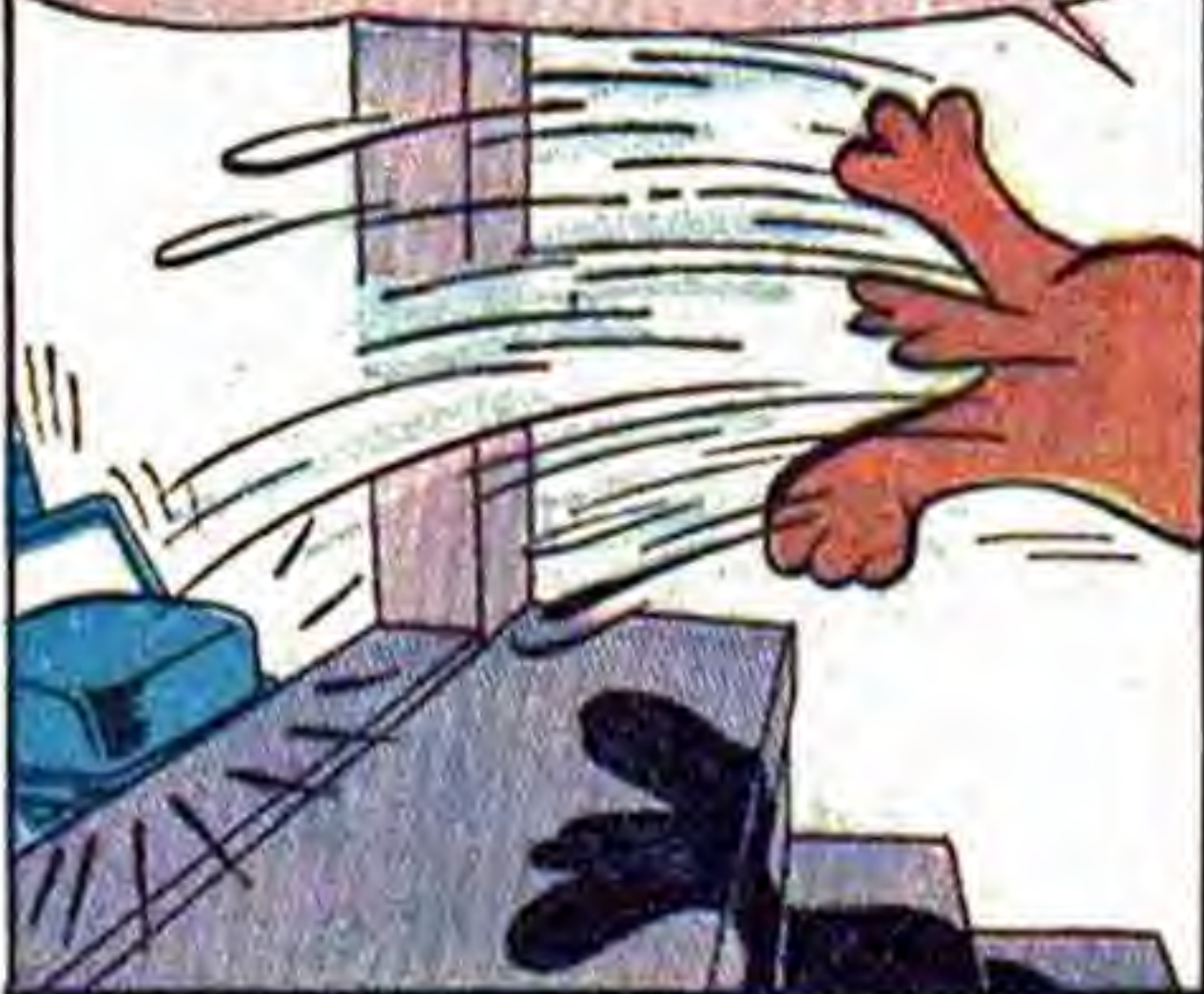
THINKS SHE'LL TIE ME UP  
WHILE THEY GO OUT IN THE CAR!  
**NOTHIN' DOIN'!**

SHE WON'T  
FIND ME HERE!

**CRASH!**



CARPET NEEDED A CLEANING ANYHOW--



--STAIRS CAN USE A MOPPING, TOO!



WHAT! NO  
COAL SHOVEL?



BETTER GET GOING BEFORE  
THEY FIND ME!



COAST IS CLEAR!









# The Black Hood

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY

in THE CASE of the  
**BOOK of  
DEATH!**





THIS STRANGE TALE BEGINS AS MOST STRANGE TALES DO, IN A VERY ORDINARY WAY! BARBARA SUTTON IS BROWSING IN A BOOK STORE---

HMM? AN UNUSUAL BOOK!!



I'LL TAKE THIS BOOK, PLEASE!

YES, MA'AM!



SAY, WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD IT---

IT WAS STUCK IN BACK OF THE OTHER BOOKS!



WAIT A MINUTE! I WANNA BUY THAT BOOK!

I'M SORRY, SIR, IT'S ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO THIS YOUNG LADY!



I SAID I WANT THAT BOOK AND I MEAN IT, PUNK!



YOU BRUTE! LET GO OF THAT NICE CLERK!







HE'S GETTING AWAY-  
HELP!!  
POLICE!!



BABS, WHAT'S  
WRONG  
HERE?

HELLO, KIP! SOME GOOF  
STARTED A RUMPUS OVER  
A BOOK I BOUGHT! START-  
ED TO CHOKER THE  
CLERK!



HERE'S THE BOOK-IT'S A BIT  
RARE, BUT NOT OF MUCH VALUE!!  
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE  
WANTED WITH IT!

WELL, I'LL BE--!  
HE MUST BE  
NUTS!



WELL, I'D BETTER PAY FOR MY  
PURCHASE AND RUN ALONG  
HOME!

HMMM? I  
WONDER.



SOMETIME LATER-- FUNNY HOW I CAN'T GET THAT  
BOOK OFF MY MIND! THINK I'LL  
RUN OVER TO BABS' PLACE AND HAVE ANOTHER  
LOOK AT IT!



MEANWHILE, BABS IS ALSO HAVING A 'LOOK' AT THE BOOK-----

THIS'S QUEER! THE  
BINDING IS AWFULLY  
THICK FOR THE NUMBER  
OF PAGES IT  
CONTAINS!





UGH!

YOU  
SEEN  
ENOUGH,  
SISTER?



**HELP!**

THAT'S COMING FROM BABS' APARTMENT!



HEY, WHAT GIVES?



KIP! IT'S THE SAME MAN WHO WAS IN THE BOOK STORE!



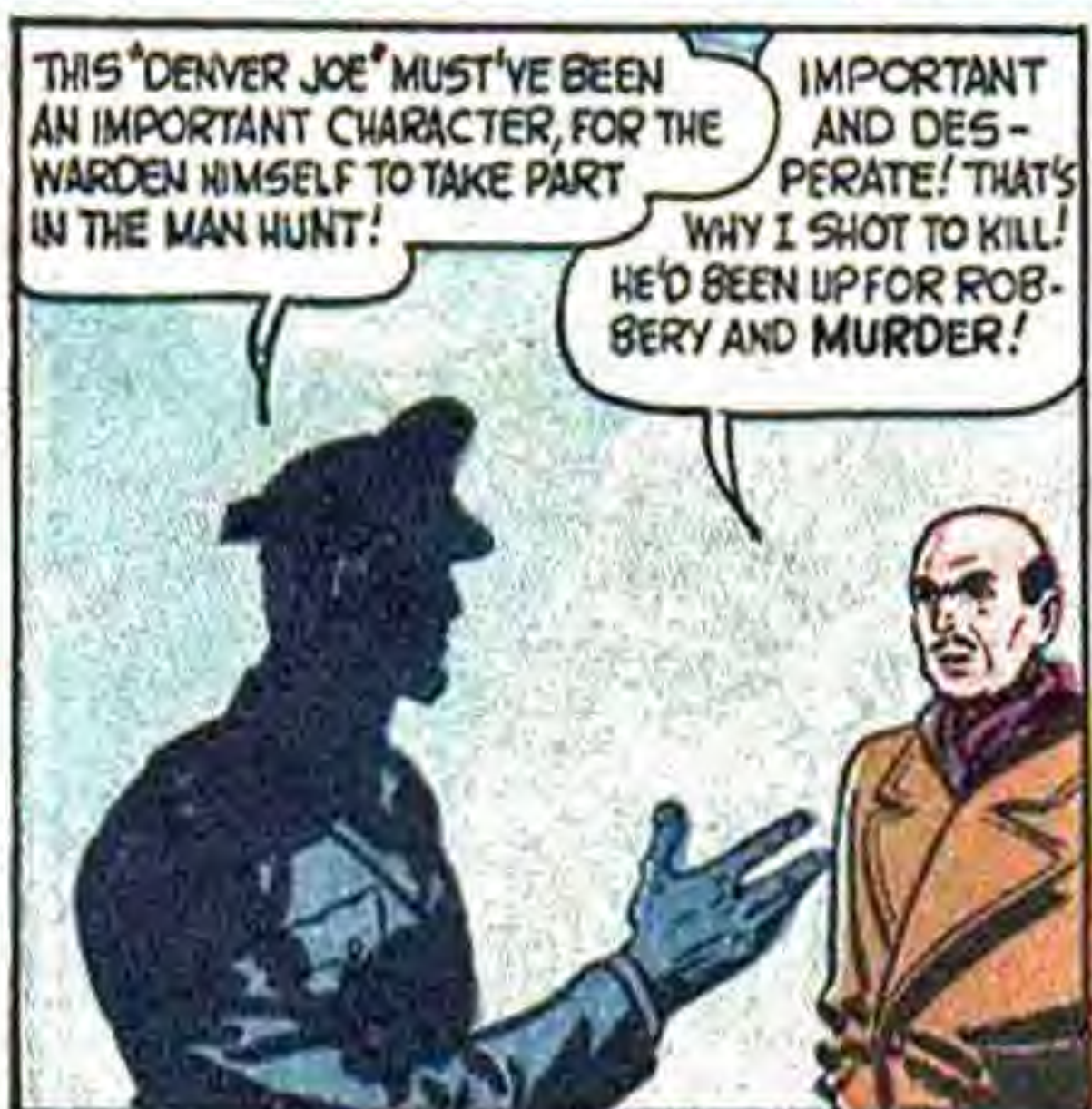
I'LL NEVER CATCH HIM, NOW! LOOKS LIKE HE MADE HIS GET-AWAY!



BUT SUDDENLY--

**ARR--**







I COVERED THAT STORY, KIP!! CARROLL HELD UP A PAYROLL TRUCK AND KILLED TH' DRIVER. HE NEVER DID TELL WHAT HE DID WITH THE \$50,000 HE GOT AWAY WITH!



SAY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH, BABS!



NOW, WHAT KINDA BUG IS BITIN' YA, BUR-LAND? YA CAUGHT TH' CROOKS, B'GOBS, AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY CAR-ROLL WANTED THAT BOOK SO BADLY, NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO-IS FIND IT!

BUT HOW?



I'M PLAYING A CRAZY CHANCE, BARBARA, AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!

IF THERE'S A STORY IN IT, YOU'VE GOT IT!



LATER, AT THE PRISON--

AND SO, WARDEN HAWES, MY NEWSPAPER WOULD LIKE TO RUN A FEATURE STORY ON "DENVER JOE"!

SURE! I'LL CO-OPERATE WITH YOU ALL I CAN!



SWELL, WOULD YOU SHOW ME HIS CELL, PLEASE?

HUH? WELL, OKAY-LET'S GO!



THAT MINUTE, ENTERING THE PRISON GATES-----









HMM-I USED TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT VENTRILOQUISM-NOW IF I HAVEN'T LOST THE OLD TOUCH!?!



HEY, YA FLAT-FOOTED BUM, C'MERE!

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?



WHAT'D YA CALL ME, PUNK?

ME? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!



OH, NO? I HEARD YOU PLAIN ENOUGH -FOR TWO CENTS--

AH, YER NUTS I TELL YA!



AH, THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AT LAST-GOOD OLD BABBS!



THE BOOK-IT'S HERE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



AND HERE'S THE FIFTY GRAND-HIDDEN BEHIND THIS FALSE BINDING!





DROP THAT  
MONEY, BLACK  
HOOD!!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE  
WARDEN! YOU GOT BACK  
SOONER THAN I  
EXPECTED!

BUT IT'S STILL TOO LATE! YOU  
DELIBERATELY LET "DENVER  
JOE" BREAK OUT!  
DIDN'T  
YOU?

YES, I KNEW HE'D  
LEAD ME TO WHERE  
HE'D HIDDEN THAT  
DOUGH! I WAS SICK  
OF WORKING FOR  
PEANUTS ON  
THIS JOB!

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH AND  
NOW I'M GOING TO  
GET YOU!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE AN  
ACCIDENT!

OKAY, HOOD! GET  
GOING OUT THIS  
BACK DOOR!

SAY, WHAT  
IS THIS?

VERY SIMPLE! I'VE JUST  
GIVEN THE ALARM THAT  
A PRISONER'S  
ESCAPED!

I GET IT! AND THE WALL  
GUARDS'LL SHOOT THE  
FIRST THING THEY SEE  
MOVING IN THE YARD!  
PRETTY CLEVER,  
WARDEN!

-THEN BEGINS A GRIM CAT AND MOUSE GAME WITH THE  
PRISON SEARCHLIGHT!

IF I GET CAUGHT IN THESE  
LIGHTS-I'M A DEAD  
PIGEON!



IT'S COMING CLOSER-I'VE GOT TO  
FIND A PLACE TO HIDE! BUT  
WHERE?



THAT TOOL BOX! IT'S  
MY ONLY CHANCE!



JUST MADE IT! BUT NOT FOR  
LONG-IF THEY SWING THAT  
OTHER LIGHT OVER  
THIS WAY--



MEANWHILE--

WHY DON'T THEY SHOOT?  
WHAT'S HOLDING  
THEM UP?



BLAST THAT SLIPPERY BIRD! HE'S HIDING-BUT  
WHERE? **THE TOOL BOX!** WHY DIDN'T I  
THINK OF IT BEFORE?



I'LL GET HIM OUT OF  
THERE, MYSELF!





WARDEN HAWES IS PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE LIGHTS-----



**AAARGH!**



**HOLY SMOKE!  
IT'S WARDEN  
HAWES!**



AND WHILE ALL IS CHAOS AND CONFUSION IN THE PRISON YARD, THE BLACK HOOD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FAR WALL! SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYE SPOTS---

**A ROPE!**



**AND IT'S DOLLARS TO  
DONUTS, I KNOW WHO  
TOSSED IT OVER!**



**I COULDN'T KEEP THE WARDEN  
AWAY ANY LONGER, HOOD! HE  
GOT TOO SUSPICIOUS, BUT I  
DID MANAGE TO SNEAK BACK  
AND GET THE BOOK!**

**BARBARA, YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!**





THE NEXT DAY----

AND FEATURED ON PAGE TWO--



TIMES HERALD  
POLICE SGT. MCGINTY FINDS  
MONEY STOLEN FIVE YEARS AGO

MCGINTY DOES IT  
AGAIN



MCGINTY DOES IT AGAIN!!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER----

WELL, MCGINTY, THIS'S ANOTHER FEATHER IN  
YOUR CAP, CONGRATULATIONS!

AW, IT WAS  
NOTHIN',  
COMMISS-  
IONER!



AND HERE, BARBARA, IS A  
LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU,  
AS A TOKEN OF MY  
APPRECIATION!

MANY  
THANKS,  
KIP!



WHY YOU BIG LUG-GET  
OUT OF HERE!



AND ALL I DID WAS  
TRY TO KEEP HER  
OUT OF BOOK  
SHOPS!





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- JULY RUBY
- AUGUST PERidot
- SEPTEMBER BLUE SAPPHIRE
- OCTOBER ROSE ZIRCON
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